Dear Marion.

The dance studio is dark now. The only movements

are the shadows of the night, playing against the walls sou

and on the smooth, polished floor. From a corner, with as of the sounds of the Fifth of the sounds of the sound of the soun

Brandenburg---thrilling, alive, pulsating.

Jon and The The The Thirt The Control of the Contro Music at Buck's Rock. Music (1)

disther click of typewriter keys in the Print Shop, the served muitter was been a been a first or the served muffiled sounds of a box being additional to the served muffiled sounds of a box being a deliver a served muffiled sounds of a box being a deliver a served muffiled sounds of a box being a deliver a served muffiled sounds of a box being a deliver a served muffiled sounds of a box being a deliver a served muffiled sounds of a box being a deliver a served muffiled sounds of a box being a deliver a served muffiled sounds of a box being a deliver a served muffiled sounds of a box being a deliver a served muffiled sounds of a box being a deliver a served muffiled sounds of a box being a deliver a served muffiled sounds of a box being a deliver a served muffiled sounds of a box being a served muffiled muffiled sounds of a box being a served muffiled muffiled sounds of a box being a served muffiled muffiled sounds of a box being a served muffiled muffiled muffiled sounds of a box being a servey muffiled m

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To The construction Crew's hammers, as they easyncopation of the Construction Crew's hammers, as they

graph captures the phonon of chile, the phenomenon of I B. Smill visve.

strike.

At Buck's Rock, music is where you find it ...

when you find it ... and what you make of it.

ellen

soms or a tree is planual.

Dear Ada,

Now that you have a camera and are in the same setting as I, we can share the same experiences, or at least try to. Although we can see the same Print Shop, oak tree, or waterfall, you may like the pattern the sun creates on the left side but I may like the beauty of it which I can only see on the right side. We start to achieve the same end but we will do it in different ways.

I've figured out a perfect way to get acquainted with the camp. First you walk up to the farm with a trigger (shutter) happy finger and plenty of film. There you get to know the goats, the sheep, the cow suckling a calf, and some pigs. You walk back toward the main camp and find that you notice everything and become intimately acquainted with everything surrounding you: the sweating bodies of the construction crew, the infants playing with their toes, a proud figure perched atop a trotting horse, the movement of someone serving a tennis ball, the patterns of trees on either side of the road, or a modern dance class (its leotarded figures as much a model for a camera as for a pad and charcoal).

People and nature all around...so amazing, so wonderful... the interpretations that occur in drawing sometimes
do them an injustice. The perfection of a photograph lies
in capturing true intricacies, detail and design. A photograph captures the phenomenon of man in the birth of a
child, the phenomenon of nature every time a flower blossoms or a tree is planted.

Love, Riva



Dear Carol,

I'm having a good summer. I spend most of my time at the stables. My favorite horse is Lucia, a chest-nut saddlebred. She's beautiful; I feel so proud when I ride her. Last week a nearby field was mowed down and made into a hunt field. A few days ago I jumped hurdles that were from two to three feet high.

The riding instructor, Red, always kids around. At first I resented this. I really wanted to improve my riding and I didn't see how joking and riding could fit together. Then I realized that his jokes gave me confidence in myself and lessened my fear of horses. For example, chasing after people on horseback in the fields frightened me at first; but now it's an added enjoyment. I'm much more relaxed about riding.

Every Wednesday night is jumping night. We ride be reback at the start of the lesson. Riding bare-back is much easier and smoother than riding with a saddle. I still get frightened sometimes. I think I might fall off. I was discouraged, and thought I'd never improve, but as time goes on I can feel my back straightening and my legs remaining in the correct position.

Next week is the horse show. Some people enter a horse show to prove themselves to others. For me a horse show is a time to prove myself to myself. I won't be disappointed if I don't come out with a ribbon; I want to feel I ve done my best. The show will be a good experience because I'll have to learn to be at ease while performing for strangers. It will be a good chance to see if I've improved.

Love,

Backera

Dear Joanie,

Words, words, words! I use them all the time, yet I usually write blindly, not realizing how much I actually put into what I write. Every once in a while, as I do now, I get an inkling of the loaded content, for I feel so much freer when I have moved strong emotions from mind to paper. It is good to know that when the ideas that fill my mind burst their confines they can be captured and held on paper. It is also good to know that, if I shade and shape my words, I can make them understandable to others and convey what thoughts and ideas I wish to convey.

I read some poems yesterday by Linda Levy, a CIT up here, that were very meaningful. Each one touched a different subject---each one made me see and feel. In one, I saw the brilliant contrast between a snowy, quiet, peaceful world and a fiery sunset---the life the light brings to dullness, the short time it lasts:

A silent world
Too peaceful
Too hushed.
But fire commanded the horizon--a fire of life, of action, of promise.

In another I felt the joy of freedom and youth, the way one wants to run and jump with bursting happiness. To capture a sight, to create a mood, to convey ideas, to probe into various aspects of life---Joanie, that is writing!

Here at Buck's Rock there are no definite assignments, no time schedule, no pressure. With such freedom, I have learned to want to create. I forget the drudgery of classroom work and am left only with the enjoyment of creating with words. Even Mr. Taussig, my best English teacher, did not have the time or place to go over my work as Lou does. I need him to point out my personal faults, frequent vacueness or lack of description. And when these faults are corrected, I feel satisfied with my work. Then I feel that I have shaped words instead of letting words shape me.

Love,



Dear Ken,

It was great seeing you on Saturday, but I must admit that something you said during the day upset me. You told me that you didn't see what campers could do or were doing at Buck's Rock. Instead of answering you at that time, I decided to wait and try to explain how I felt in a letter. I suppose Buck's Rock is an entirely different place to a visitor coming here for a few hours on a Saturday than it is to a camper living here.

Take the girl who's passing by right now, carrying a poster that advertises the Lampoon. If a visitor were to see her, he would be unable to make a connection between the poster and the work behind it.

The lampoon is a magazine that satirizes Buck's Rock. The material is written in groups, for the most part, although some individual writing is done. Meetings are held every day so that all writers know what progress has been made, so they can improve and co-ordinate each other's work. At the same time, photographers and artists work on the visual parts of the magazine. Next, typists and mimeographers go to work to publish what has been created, and, finally, a group of people get together to form an idea for publicity. Posters are made and now this girl, passing me, is going to staple one on the social hall porch.

Though I have described what is probably a typical project, I haven't really explained what the philosophy of the camp is and how it operates. There are all kinds of opportunities available and though a camper is never forced, he is encouraged to take advantage of them. You participate because you realize that you may never again be exposed to such outstanding facilities and to such helpful counselors. But the true beauty of Buck's Rock is that the individual at all times makes his own decisions and choices. I hope you understand what I've tried to say and that I have changed your impression of Buck's Rock.

Love,

Nendy

Dear Marilyn,

It is very hard to get into the swing of things here at Buck's Rock, but once you do, you never want to leave it. I'm beginning to find myself, and to feel self satisfaction, something I have not felt in an awfully long while. Kids here are so different from the stereotype of the American teenager. There are those who create and those who choose to watch and learn from others who create. Some like to dabble in everything; others don't want to dabble but would rather perfect.

Our camp director, Ernst, believes that human beings are basically creative, and that their creativity should be given the chance to flourish. Unfortunately, the pressures and responsibilities of modern living prevent many people from committing themselves to a creative life. The creative teenager is usually classified as eccentric, beat, or antisocial.

At Buck's Rock, the creative life is more the norm, but it is not without its problems. When I first arrived, painting and tennis were my major interests, and I tried to put my soul "into all I was doing in these areas. What resulted was phony art and faulty tennis. I soon understood that the word creativity, in itself, is meaningless; creativity requires direction.

I found the direction during a tennis lesson. Marty, our tennis instructor, said that I had to discipline my playing if I wanted to get any kind of results. (Those weren't his exact words, but that's how I heard them.) It was then that I understood that only through discipline could I achieve anything and that only through guidance could I achieve discipline. Buck's Rock has taught me much; it has given me the guidance I sought.

I don't really know how to get all of this into words but, Marilyn, I'm trying. At a creative camp, what more can one do?

Au Revoir,

Pina

Dear Paul,

So you thought I'd be inactive this summer, eh? How wrong you were. The Print Shop is keeping me plenty busy, and I have been participating in music in my spare time. I not only have justifying, typing, stenciling, and proofing, but chamber music, chorus accompaniment, piano ensemble, and my own practicing.

To add to my musical activity, a chamber music concert was held last Friday night, and, four days earlier, I was informed that I was to play a piano solo. I chose the piece most familiar to me, Beathoven's "Tempest Sonafa," and then spent the rest of the week in hurried polishing after a month's layaoff.

This lack of honest preparation left me no time to be as nervous as I usually am before recitals. However, while waiting to go on, my calmness left rapidly. As I visualized the keys in my mind and tried also to visualize my fingers running through the composition, I was shocked to realize that I could not play the second passage.

Again and again I set the keys and fingers in my mind, but could not manage the passage. This has happened at previous recitals, and each time the real feel of the keys almost magically brought the piece back to my mind. Finally, when the last strains of the orchestra died, I took my place at the piano, prepared or no.

To make a long story short, the whole performance was a disappointment. Sure enough, I didn't get through the second passage right, and throughout the whole piece I made mistakes with alarming frequency. Fortunately, the mistakes didn't throw me off enough to ruin the whole thing. At long last, I finished the ordeal with a great sigh of relief. I knew that I had not played nearly as well as I could have, but I also knew that a large number of listeners couldn't even tell. I was dissatisfied, though, because my attitude is not, "Laymen-what do they know?" I was concerned with how the performance would sound to one interested in music, and more importantly, how it would sound to myself.

My dissatisfaction didn't last long. One number later, I performed a Mozart duet that went over well and fowards the end of the program I played in a Divaldi Chamber Group, which more than made up for my disappointment. However, I still am irked when I think of the Beethoven solo and what "might have been" -- the saddest words of tongue or pen, n'est-ce pas?

I must go now -- I'm practicing a Beethoven duet for next week's recital.

Yours with love and squalor,

Rucky





Dear Joan,

Comment ça va? You don't sound too happy this summer.

I'll try to cheer you up.

Usually every area of camp is filled with the sound of music, giggling, hammers, babies. And the farm usual-ly is full of kids, counselors and, of course, the animals. But last night the farm was a quiet place though full of people and animals. Word got around that the calf was being born and we all stormed up to the farm. When we got there we quieted down. It was very still and we waited very hard for the calf's birth.

When the calf was finally born there were signs of relief, hands released, fingers uncrossed. It was like the seconds after finals. Remember? We'd all wait a minute and then the tension would go away. Not loudly but it would leave.

We watched the calf move, take its first steps. It was a good night.

Does this cheer you any? Write if you can.

Boblic







LEAR: Peace, Kent!

Come not between the Dragon and his wrath.

I loved her most and thought to set my rest

On her kind nursery. Hence and avoid my sight!

So be my grave my peace, as here I give

Her father's heart from her!



EDGAR: But who comes here?
My father, poorly led? World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

GLOUCESTER: As flies to wanton boys, are we to thi gods,
They kill us for their sport.



Dear Dev,

This letter may sound kind of strange and unconnected, but I've just finished a long and very interesting conversation with a very good friend of mine.

I've often wondered what makes for a really great friend or person: is it intelligence, common interests, literary, artistic, or creative interests or knowledge, the people he or she chooses to be friends with, or is it something inert, inborn---something that doesn't necessarily require intellectuality, very high intelligence, or many of the other qualities which we usually look for in choosing and seeking friends? I think I have been given some very strong evidence to support the latter idea.

I have a very close friend at camp: a tall, redheaded kid named Greg. True, he is quite intelligent, but he's no genius; true, he likes a lot of classical music and enjoys good books, but he's no music or literary connoisseur (far from it); true, the friends he does have are all very nice and pleasant, but they're nothing great, and he usually keeps to himself; true he has some artistic talent, but he's no creative genius; what he does possess are some amazing qualities and gifts that make him a beautiful person.

Some of these are his forthrightness, his common sense, and his levelheadedness. Whenever he does something, there's always a reason that is real and true to himself: never just for impression or show; whenever there's a problem, he keeps his head while everyone else starts running, and after a little while he comes out with a solution which is reasonable, practical, and acceptable. Even though he hever read a word about psychology and never pretends that he did, he has often analyzed my problems and those of his friends in the same calm fashion, and has come to conclusions about the nature of the problem and its cure which a trained psychologist wouldn't be able to think of. All of this is due to an inborn trait——one of understanding the emotions and thoughts of others.

Related to this, but perhaps even more important, is his ability to cheer people up. Most of this after-

noon he was telling me how he used his own brand of psychology on his father, to cheer him up when he came visiting and was in a terribly grumpy mood. His methods were really beautiful and disclosed a very important idea about people to me.

This, perhaps, might be called my main argument against certain people in this camp who, through narrow-mindedness, snobbishness, and a false idea of elite-ness, would reject and frown upon Greg, because to the outside eye he doesn't seem "arty," intellect-ual, or high-class, and thus is not worthy of their attention or friendship. What I dislike is not that they aren't friends with him, but that they would never give themselves a chance to see what he really is like, because they would form false impressions about his "value."

And for all of their creativity, intelligence, and intellectuality, they don't approach him as a person—that is, a human being who is capable of understanding other human beings and of helping them.

If nothing else, this summer I have achieved an independence from cliques, especially those composed of people who form cliques because they need Others like themselves to reassure them that they are the "elite," and that they are truly great. This independence is largely due to people I've met who accept me and others for what they really are——outside and inside. For this, I am largely indebted to people like Lydia, like Sylvia, like Mark, like Julie, like Barry, and like you.

Perhaps this isn't so bad for one summer.

Love,

Kichard

## An Open Letter

A photograph laughs, cries, and smiles.

It shows the world for what it is, and hides nothing. It may recall a friend, or a place, or a special day. It will someday become the memory of a moment.

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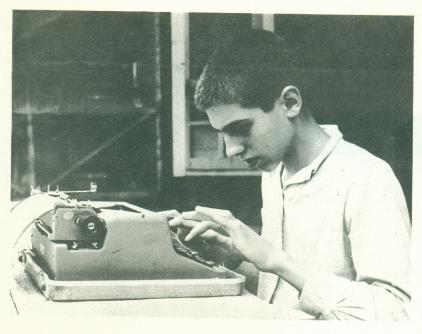






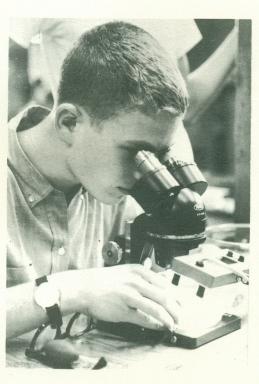
















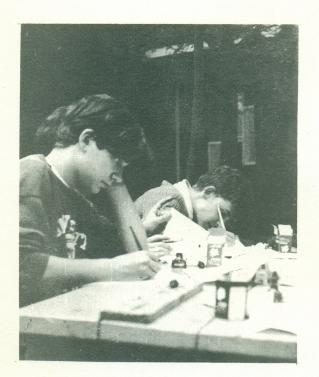
















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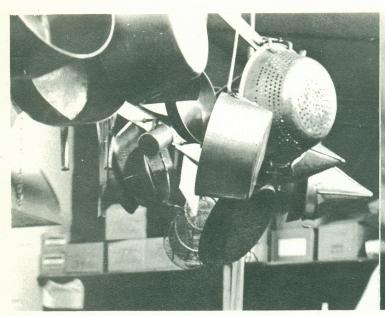












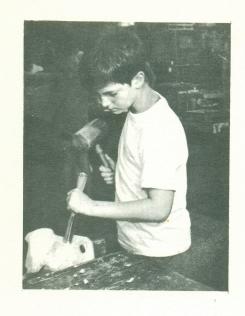








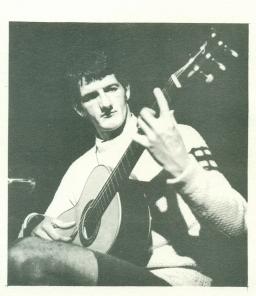
































## We write to those we love and those we wish to know

Dear Ilana

Dear Nom

Dear Jerry

Dear Father

Dear Wother

Dear Mother and Father.

Dear Debbie

To Franz Josef, etc. .. John Yohalem

Dear Mr. Wilder

Dear Winnie-the-Pooh .. Sally Stein

Dear Proust

Dear Sammy

To All Children

Lydia Churgin

A daughter

Alan Barysh

Alexander Seldin

.. Bobbie Handler

Mike Seidman

.. Rebecca White

Julia Diamant

.. Barry Fruchter

.. Douglas Gladstone and Mark Chenven

.. Sally Stein



Dear Ilana,

It has been a long time since I sat down, took up a piece of paper and a pen, and wrote a letter. A stream of music continually floods my mind. The sounds make my limbs move in unison. The music makes me stand and dance.

Through movement one can find himself. Dancing---straining and contracting my body, using each muscle completely until it becomes flexible, relaxing when all the tension is released---makes me feel as though I have involved my whole self. Leaps and jumps are not just exercises. They are actions that demand one's complete attention.

Dancing can also be a form of expression. Last year I tried to choreograph the life cycle (birth, man's nee's, and death) through my dance, "Night Journey." This year I attempted to create a dance on a similar theme. Since I have my own particular style of dancing, the movements were too similar and the new dance became a mere repetition of the old. Only this time it wasn't as flowing or as strong. It was lyrical though and it contained a certain dreamy quality that I had always wanted to capture. Now I am listening to music. I do not know whether I will make up another dance. Perhaps I will. But even if I do not, I will continue attending classes.

eleven hugs and kisses

Love,

Ay dia last as a solution of the solution of t

Dear Moms

I was quite upset after you left on Saturday. When I discussed the MARCH ON WASHINGTON, I felt sure that you would agree to let me  $g \bullet \cdot$  Instead you cut up all my arguments and produced many others as to why I should not  $g \circ \cdot$ 

I had expected you to raise the standard •bjections. Although you had some other good reasons, you didn't seem to consider that there might be any truth in my opinions. You said that the money could be used to helf Negroes: to improve educational opportunities and to support Freedom Riders. You argued that the time could be spent to organize a campaign to raise money for the tuition of Negroes at the University of Georgia.

At the time, I wasn't well informed and couldn't argue, so I had only one choice——to agree with you. I now feel more qualified to take up the argument. One of your protests was that many of the participants in the march would be picketing just for the fun of it. Even if one doesn't know too much about the situation, one would hopefully be able to learn on the trip, since there will be meetings, speeches, and a lot of reading material available.

There are many ways of helping to achieve total equality. You have suggested quite a few, but you don't seem to recognize that the march is a demonstration of strength. It goes beyond the individual problems——jobs, education, housing——and shows our nation and the world that integration must be achieved NOW.

Now that I can look at both sides fairly, I feel that you were partially right. It's true that your arguments show a practical approach to furthering the movement, rather than the emotional "show of strength" in this approach. But, maybe I should have been allowed to go and decide that for myself after the march. It's hard to have my ideas all worked out and then have them disproved just like that. I was left with a blank feeling... five minutes earlier I was set in my convictions and then I was agreeing with you without even a fight. I guess you were right to voice your opinions, but it did hurt.

Please remember that it's very hard to grow up.

Love,

From a daughter who's just beginning to grow up.



Dear Father,

When I heard the good news that a test-ban treaty had been agreed upon, I thought for quite a while about its significance...thought so long that I could not sleep. I remembered the times that I had spoken to others my age about the bomb——how it could destroy mankind and the world. I was convinced then that I was facing the problem realistically, that I foresaw and felt the tragedy of it all. But now, but now, I wonder.

I think of last year, when my friends and I received letters of acceptance from the high schools to
which we had applied. Did we for one moment, one lone
instant, consider that we might never enter these
schools...might never reach college...pursue our life's
work...marry...have children...reap all the benefits
of a good long life?

The world is too old to die like this, we thought. We dismissed the subject as if it were safe to let our all-knowing leaders work things out for us.

I've suddenly come to realize that thave a right to live, to walk like a man. I can't just roll up in a ball and wait for the end. Only why, why have you laid upon me, your child, the weight of this unhappyworld?

Your son,

Dear Jerry,

Well, it's the end of the summer and I'll be going back to Buxton. I don't know what this year will be like, but I do know that the school will not be the same without you and I mean this from the bottom of my heart.

This is probably my last year at Buck's Rock as a camper (or I hope it is), for next year I will be old enough to be a junior counselor. It kind of frightens me to know that I am getting old so soon and that I really don't have any more time to hack around or to be a lazy slob. When I go back to school, I will be expected to work harder and not to be so careless about my work. I wonder if I'll be able to do it this year. I hope so, but I'm not sure.

I don't want to bog you down with my problems. You probably have your own (I wish packing for Italy were my problem). Have a great time.

Your student,

alon Barysh



Dear Mother,

Today I sat in the shade on the hill. At times I thought, but it got tiring. My head would fill with ideas; then, I just wanted to look at people. Camp seemed quiet. The heat wave had passed and a cool breeze tossed leaves around.

Outside the Boys! House there was a badminton game going on. Two boys were deeply involved in the game. The two figures shared an experience—they seemed as free as the birdie flying across the net, not knowing why.

A visiting father walked beside his daughter. He came from the city and was quite tired from a morning of traveling. A jacket hung over a shoulder of his unbuttoned shirt. His free arm lay across his daughter's shoulders. Her hair was braided like a child's yet the man knew that this person had the mind and body of an older person. They slowly vanished down the road. I thought of my own father and the strong tie of love that unites us.

Nother, life is pretty good. I'm glad I have learned to enjoy it. So many people up here feel differently. To them fifteen years is a long time, maybe too long. They are tired and want to rest. I hope to keep moving.

Joul

Bobbic

P.S. Maybe the next letter will be a newsy one.

just a second. Then Manings recovered, ran intellectual rings around the girl, and it was gone. But for that second it had been there. The blind search for expression and truth had come to the surface for a frightening moment and then receded into the subconscious.

Perhaps now it is easier to understand why so many people feel guilty and depressed here. For it is never easy to question. We question others, but more often we question ourselves. There are many who are dishonest, yet all are looking for honesty. We are searching for what we really are, and for what we shall someday become. It is difficult to face our limitations at home, but it is even more difficult to face our unlimited potential at camp.

But in re-reading my letter, I see that I have failed again. I suppose I shall always have to search, for I shall never understand.

Love,

mike

Dear Debbie,

I'm finding dance this summer more difficult than I had expected. Last winter, when I decided to give up ballet as a career, I promised myself that I would study other forms of dance. However, the disciplines of ballet and modern dance are so different and ballet movement has become so much a part of me, that in a period of eight weeks it is impossible to completely displace it.

In class I find that the simplest exercises turn out all wrong. There are so many new techniques to concentrate on and to remember: to keep your hips in the same place when you contract, to keep your feet flexed. Muriell talks about putting life into the movements, more color, more interpretation—all this just for the warm—ups. How can I do this when I'm having so much trouble with the exercises themselves?

Do you remember that I used to feel so guilty whenever I missed a class last winter? In fact, the presure from ballet class was so great that I wasn't enjoying classes as much as I once did. When I got to camp, I was afraid to miss a single class. In camp and at home I lived dance and confined myself to that very small world.

I'm slowly losing interest in modern dance because of my lack of technique and I'm beginning to see all the other activities that Buck's Rock has to offer: I've made two pieces in the silver shop, I'm in the madrigal group and chorus, and I've been trying out most of the shops. I still take lessons and I have choreographed, but I'm enjoying the summer much more, now that I'm living in a bigger world.

I'll see you at Festival.

Much love,

Rebecca



To: His Imperial Majesty, Franz Josef, Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary and Bohemia, Grand Duke of Lombardy.

From: His Majesty's Fan Club President, John Yohalem

Your Highness:

In regard to the Fan Club, we are not in a very good position. Most of the people here don't take the Fan Club seriously, and those who do are horrified by your claim to the United States. Couldn't you work for re-instatement in Austria-Hungary for a starter, and try for the rest later? Remember what happened to your brother in Mexico.

Another reason people don't join is that Buck's Rock is a creative camp, and it is awfully hard to create European History.

As to your suggestion that we give titles to members, I don't believe it will work. The average American adolescent isn't interested. But I am not average. How about it?

Forgetting the Fan Club for a moment, I think you have the wrong idea of Buck's Rock. You know those poems I've been sending you that you don't like because they don't rhyme or tell much of a story? Those are mine! This camp advocates that kind of poetry. You must realize that it's 1963, not 1852!

This modern music and art, I'll agree, is terrible. No one will ever replace Strauss or Courbet. You must have better than rock in roll or neo-impressionism, wherever you are.

By the way, where are you? Best wishes to Sist and the children.

Your supporter and loyal servant,

John Yohalem

Post Scriptus: If you have any suggestions, send them to me, J.H.Y...

Dear Mr. Wilder,

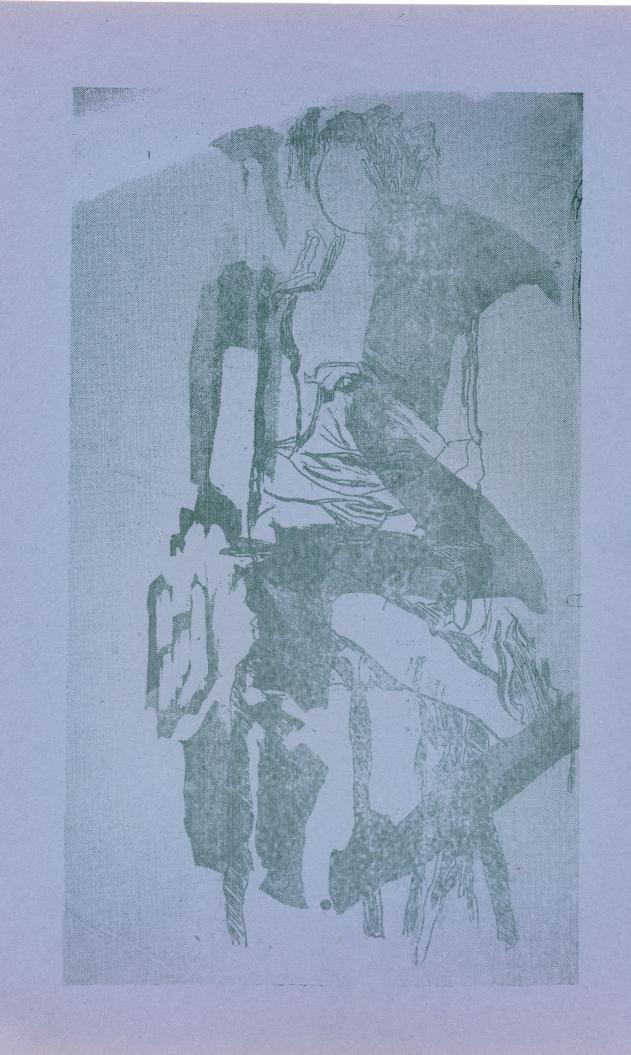
I would like to share an experience with you. It began two weeks ago, when I was chosen for the role of Ma Kirby in our camp production of "The Happy Journey to Trenton and Camden." It was the first major role I had received and I was very excited.

When I first read through the play, my impression of Ma Kirby was quite different from the feelings I now have. She seemed to be a small town type——simple, unsophisticated, and rigid. Because of my superficial understanding, I was a little ashamed of the character I had been chosen to portray. However, through each rehearsal, I learned more about her character and I grew to love and respect her. I realized that Ma Kirby had a warm, strong, courageous personality. Her devotion to each member of her family made her a beautiful person. I tried very hard to capture these qualities and to present her spirit as you had intended it.

I suppose I was fairly successful. Last night we presented the play and everyone loved it. They congratulated me on giving a "wonderful" performance. This did not compensate for the emptiness I felt then and now. I had grown to be part of that woman and when the play was over, I felt as though part of me had been taken away. I shall never forget Ma Kirby and the happy journey she took. Thank you for giving me the opportunity to meet her, know her, and be her.

Sincerely,

Julia Diamant



Dear Winnie-the-Pooh,

After careful consideration and discussion with Ernst and the staff, we have decided to make our C.I.T. group complete by asking you to come to Buck's Rock in the summer of 1964. We are writing you early so that you won't make any conflicting engagements with Owl, Eeyore, Tigger, Rabbit, or any of his friends or relations.

Because of your experience and age we are inviting you to come as our C.I.T.. We thought you would enjoy the Print Shop where, three times a week, you will give poetry seminars discussing some of your works.

We think it only fair to acquaint you with some of the rules you would have to live by during the summer:

- I) Since the kitchen runs on a very tight schedule, Mrs. Tavalin won't permit supposedly mature people running in to snitch food at all hours of the day. You are accustomed to having "an eleven o'clock little something" (usually HUNNY); we are sorry to say we cannot accommodate you.
- 2) This summer, Ernst stated his disapproval of the fashionable saying, "I'm less talented than everybody else." Therefore, for the summer, you will have to forego your usual announcement that you are a bear of very little brain.
- 3) Ernst tries to give all campers as much freedom as possible, so you are allowed to go to New Milford or Conn's at most any time of the day. However, after talking the matter over with Ernst, we have decided that you will also have to forego your expotitions to the North Pole on account of their time consuming and dangerous nature.

We are very sorry that we are not able to accommodate all your friends from the 100 aker wood, but we feel confident of your ability to make new ones.

Kindly inform us of your decision. If you decide to come, have Christopher Robin send 12 bottles of HUNNY as a deposit.

Sincerely,

ALEX

Dear Proust,

I feel that I have accumulated enough experiences here to last me a good many years of mental and verbal diges—tion... Being ever so slightly sick at Buck's Rock is a weird, half-real phenomenon which involves being admitted to the white clapboard "infirmary," nearly a mile from the center of camp. There were four or five miniscule rooms opening on a short, narrow hallway: I had the sensation of being in a stationary ocean liner, or even—on a day when the clouds are heavy—in a motionless sub—marine. The aqua-purposeless walls are overclean and overquiet—they are so solidly green—blue as to offer no cracks or patches to relieve the eye.

During the time I was allowed to spend on the porch,
I would look forward to meals; during the mandatory twohour "rest period," I would anxiously await "porch-sitting"
time. During the antiseptic, lukewarm night, I would sleep
soundly for almost one hour, and then be awake, mulling
over in my mind the constantly multiplying number of things.
I had to do. I could not bring myself to work on things
of the present: writing would become a torturous exercise;
reading was merely a sedative, as I could not concentrate
on more than three pages without daydreaming.

I felt incapable of thanking my visitors, who were in an awkward position because of a long-standing (though

unenforceable) rule banning visits to patients.

Private conversation was rendered impossible by the presence of the two nurses, floating in the back—ground like a Greek chorus. I kept imagining that the nurses were hoarding a fresh supply of frustrations and anger, and that they would explode at me the moment that the illegal visitors left. What with all the presents—candy, teddy bears, and laurel wreaths—I was at the point of jumping out of my skin with boredom. The doctor—an alien on a visit to our small, sterile planet—was too nonchalant about saying that I might leave the infirmary. It was as if he were feeling guilty about carrying out so uncomplicated an action: I also had a vague fear of snubbing the nurses by rushing out.

It will take a while to penetrate, but I have <u>really</u> been confined, and I am <u>really</u> "free" now. I will need quite a bit of taking in the sky and the mushrooms and the woods and the world to erase the dregs of the "time I used to go to bed early..."

Best of summers,

Barry

Dear Sammy,

Hi. I think your poetry is great. Me and Prune think that that bit,"The Rime of the Ancient Mariner", is just the mostest. When are you going to write something else like that? Was the lady angel of death any relation? If she is, I'm glad I'm not in your family. She reminds me so much of my Aunt Zelda, and that's prefty bad.

Our poetry is almost as good as yours. At least we think so (me and Prune). We write mostly about great crates. Now Prune would like to tell you some of our poetry.

If is a cheerful camper
That stop's f at Social Hall
And signs up on the pink charf:
He wants to have a ball.

The Wood Shop's doors are open wide, Jo Jochnowifz within. Confestants met, the crates are set Hear the hammering begin.

Jo grabs him with a skinny hand "There was a crafe," quoth he. "Hold off: unhand me mustached goon," And then his hand dropped he.

Jo holds him with a piercing eye, The camper stands stark still; He listens like a liftle child, Jo hath won his will.

The camper sits down on a stool He has not choice but listen. Thus on spoke that ancient man, Oh, how Jo's eyes do glisten.

"The crafe was cheered, the race frack cleared, Merril, did we start.
Around the bend, below the hill As swiftly as a dart.

"The furn if would wind to the left And through the furn he drove. He fraveled bright and stayed at right And thought of the praise he'd love."

"Faster, faster each minute, One eighth the trip done, The praise we sought, oh, captain dear Will not be quickly won."

The camper's straining at his leash But Jo still holds him fast.

"Af length there sat a small black cat On where the hood was set, As if it were a Jewish soul We called, 'Monette, Monette.'

"If afe the food if ne'er had afe As round and round we flew.
The storm did splif with a thunder fit Our driver steered us through.

"And good, clear skies sprung up above And the caf did creep, Every day for food or play Came to the Great Crate heap."

God save thee, Joseph Jochnowitz, From the fiends that make thee so set. "I took a life with my jackknife, ... I killed the poor Monette."

A clear, blue sky sfill stayed above Buf no sweet caf did follow Nor any day for food or play Came to Jo's hello.

"I had done a hellish fhing And if would cause fhem woe, My soul was smiffen, I killed fhe kiffen Thaf made fhe skies sfay clear."

So now you see what comes from poets who don't complete their work. Joseph would still have a kiften hanging on his neck if it hadn't been for you who completed the poem by allowing Jo to rid himself of the kiften and begin a new life as a counselor. It seems that he didn't learn his lesson.

Yours.

ME + PALNE

To All Children:

If you have ever read The Little Prince, I'm sure you will remember the time the prince demands that the aviator draw him a sheep. After many attempts, the aviator produces a box in which the sheep lives, and the prince is overjoyed. Well, my story concerns the box.

All children have their boxes in which their hopes, aspirations, and most important fantasies dwell. These dwellers seem vague to children; growing up seems far off, so they resort to "building castles in the sky." Lonely as a child may be, he can always rely on his castles for friends and so his hopes become firmer and he in turn becomes surer of himself.

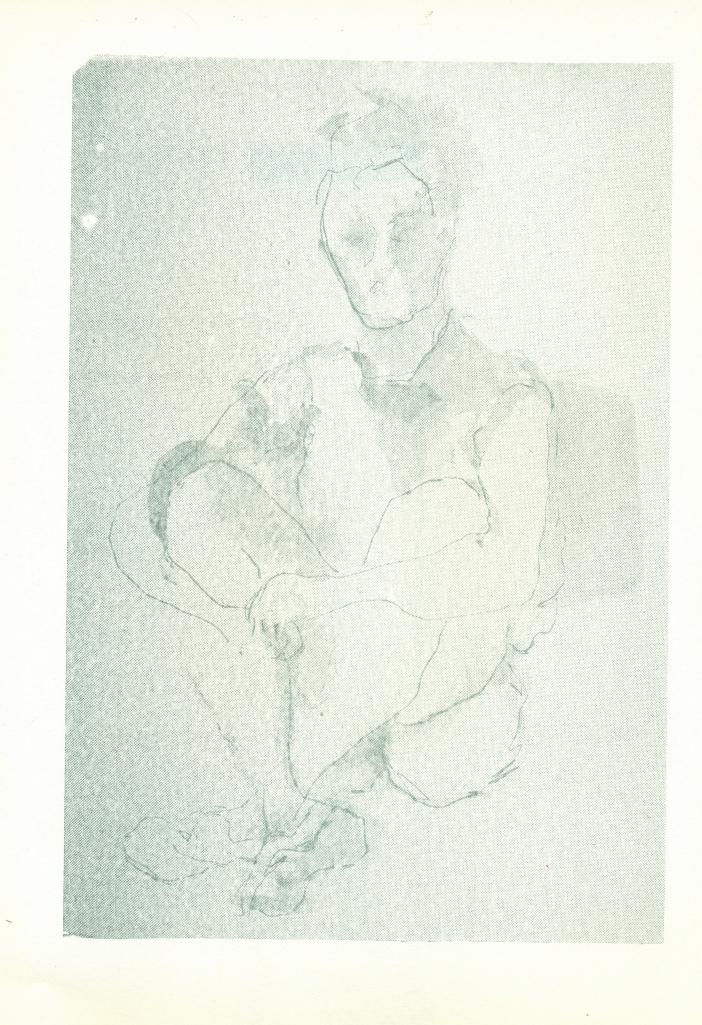
When your castles start to crumble, you will be tempted to tear open your box to see what's really in it... but stop! With total reality you forfeit your hopes and dreams, and without these life is not worth living.

Unfortunately, your box may be open. Then you are old.

With love,

DALLY

P.S. Alex Jax is only my box.



## Thanks to

NURSES Anna Surasky
Ann Fanning
Susan Zik

DOCTOR . Dr. Noah Barysh

CHEF Bill Brady

SECOND COOK . John Padron

BAKER . Cris Beyer

KITCHEN STAFF

Richard Paplham
Powell Woodson
James Hardy
Gerald Howard
Callixtus E. Ita
Joseph N. Okeke
Olusegun Olusanya
Appollo A. Wakiaga

DINING ROOM STAFF . Anne Tavalin Sara Gothelf Russell Forest

OFFICE

Doris Adler

Sophia Bonfield

Adele Ganis

SHOPPER . Robbie Temes

ELECTRICAL . Alan Hack

MAINTENANCE . Oscar Nelson Gordon Freund Edward Menifee

CLEANING WOMEN

Dorothy Cullen
Annetta McAlly
Ada Delancy
Victoria Talbot
Jessie Goldspink

#### We remember

Our shifty girls

O Jochnowitz, my Jochnowitz

O Jo-w-a-a-annnnnnnnnn

In toto? In tutu? Wha?

Mama

Poly-parted and happy-hearted Twirping Twitch

CIT-JC game

Beryl

Gauloises Cigarettes

Cheryl

You scratch my back, I'll scratch yours, Jack

Schmeryl

gentian violet

hammed-up turkey dinner

The Singing Cabinet

Herz in Pink Tights

Pluck your magic twanger, Fruchter

Silly girls in Silly bunks listening to Silly music setting their Silly hair with their Silly lights on

PETER PAN

Which hand has the NMB :?

lace panties in the incinerator

Going to the Zoo

The Bookmark Production Unit

tearing off butterfly wings

Gee, I wish Superman were here!

Militancy: Is integration the answer?

precipitation

#### P.S.

From the first all-camp meeting (held at night because of the Sahara-like weather) to the last decorations for Festival, this has been a summer of seeing, of listening, of tasting, of getting out and doing.

Bill Korff once again directed the Buck's Rock Summer Play-house. Under the spotlights, we enjoyed J.B., Archibald MacLeish's probe into the nature of the God-man relationship; Childhood, The Happy Journey to Trenton and Camden, and Pullman Car Hiawatha, three one-act plays by Thornton Wilder; Max Frisch's The Firebugs, an allegory concerning man's inability to see the evil about him; and Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme, a farce by Moliere. Under the oak tree, Steve Kleid conducted regular sessions of the Actors Workshop, Alan Manings discussed television programming, Jim Slater lectured on the personality and poetry of Walt Whitman, and Chuck Stein read and discussed his own poetry.

Movies included O'Neill's Mourning Becomes Electra; Anatomy of a Murder, with James Stewart; The Mouse That Roared and I'm All Right, Jack, both comedies starring Peter Sellers; Petrified Forest starring Humphrey Bogart; and Rebecca, with Joan Fontaine.

Some of the topics under discussion in our weekly forums, led by Hal Ewen and Lou Simon, were "Integration: Is Militancy the Answer?" "Nazis, Jews, and the Eichmann Trial," "Should the Teachers Strike?" and "Are Parents Necessary?" Professor Scott Wright talked rather informally on "Art and the Adolescent," followed a few days later by Jack Schenberg's general discussion entitled, "Are Adolescents Necessary? Are Art Teachers Necessary? Is Art Necessary?" Among our other guests were solo clarinetist Milton Moskowitz, artist Elias Friedensohn, modern dancer Sophie Maslow, and musicians Mike and Kay Jaffee.

Muriel Manings' dancers presented a technique demonstration and Dance Night. Under the supervision of David Katz and Vic Rosov, various chamber groups and soloists gave two concerts in our Dance Studio and the Madrigal Group sang in houses of worship in New Milford. The WLAD broadcast (and the next evening's concert on the New Milford Green) featured works by Bach, Frescobaldi, Beethoven, Gliere, Schubert, Tschaikowsky, and others. Buck's Rock was once again visited by Reverend Gary Davis and Elizabethan balladeer John Winn, as well as by

Mourning becomes Buck's Rock

#### HORMOTONE, HORMOTONE

soft-shelled crabs

why duH?

Has anybody seen Harry Greenberger's mind?

Jack Sonenberg with his international reputation on the continent

There's a high tree HI, TREE

do not open until Christmas

F F The magic bun-warmer

Having a cupcake, having a peach, and of course, only taking one of each.

bob dylan

LIONEL

What'd I Say

Dan Opatoshu and his lemon meringue...

the annex r

Willa Woo and her Magic Mushrooms

0

(Boo)

shoes not to be worn in front of the nurse o

haircuts

В

the ambulance

pre-dawn gambling

Paul Hirsch eloping with Oscar's niece

isch eroping with Oscar's niece

Hark, hark, I'm harking

0

ACE BANDAGES

the great crate race

the Phantom Poet

T get plastered

The House at Pooh C or

And That, My Dear Friends, Is That

Winnie Winston and the up-and-coming Tom Paxton.

Our scheduled Tanglewood visit was cancelled as a result of a downpour reminiscent of the Great Flood. On August 3rd, we did, however, witness an unusual performance of King Lear, starring Morris Carnovsky, at Stratford. The trip had been preceded by a series of seminars on the porch, presided over by Lou Simon.

Japanese woodcut classes were held at the Art Shop, as were the usual sketch classes and watercolor classes. In the vicinity of the Print Shop, an innovation took place---calligraphy classes. The Wood Shop continued sculpture sessions and began a regularly held Architectural Design Class. More than 300 items were turned out by campers working in the Silver Shop. The popular philosopher-adventurer, Ed Douglas, became mentor of Model Airplane Building and Flying.

The Capable Construction Crew was kept hopping this secson, what with a new cabin for the Sackses, the Library-Weaving-Silkscreen Shop, and an expansion of the old Photo Lab. The farms had their usual weeks of toil---a calf was bern in July, hot corn and french fries were prepared, peas were shelled, potatoes were dug.

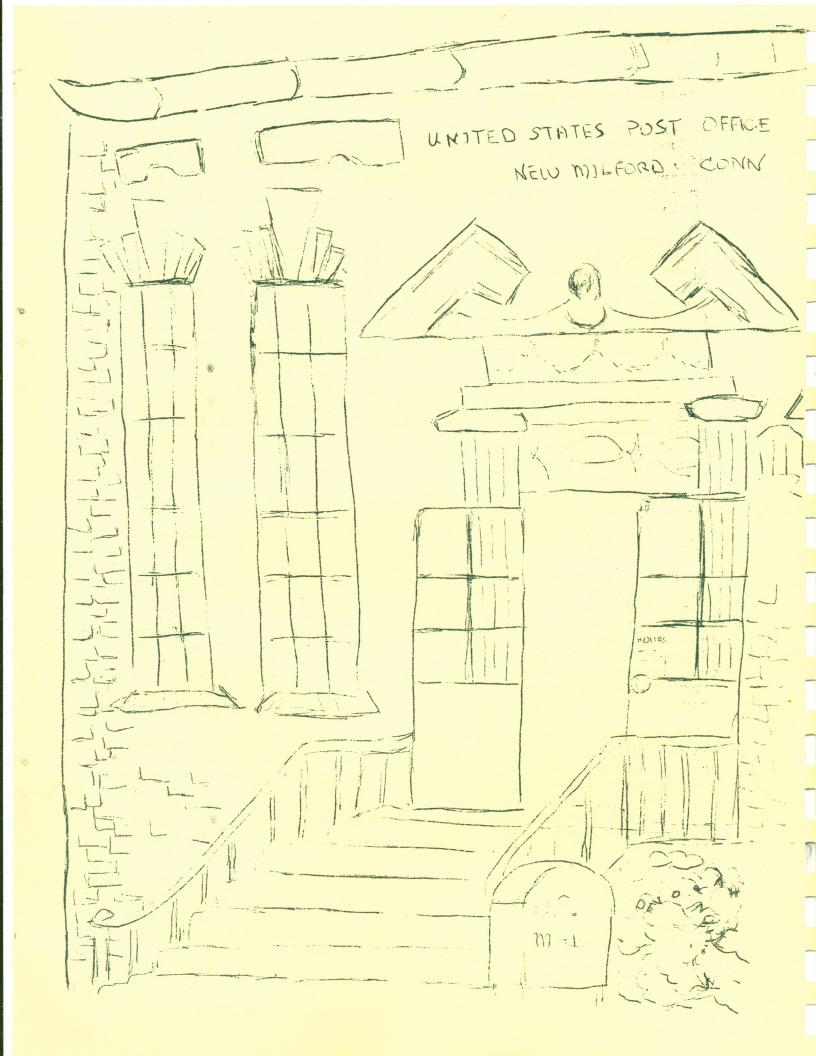
Campers queueing up for delicacies from our new cutdoer barbecue on Saturday evenings could enjoy all the sights and smells of Oscar's Garden, complete with sunflowers, pansies, and fishpond.

A popular weekly activity were the square and folk dances led by Barry Kornfeld on the tennis courts. The camp's sports facilities were greatly improved by the black-topping of the new tennis court and the installation of basketball backboards. Indeed, 1963 was a notable year for athletics. For the first time in memory, Buck's Rock brought home a trophy in tennis and scored victories in riflery. Under the able leadership of Bernie Unger, the Watermelon League continued to flourish, providing highly exciting, if not always professional softball.

For those interested in more intellectual activities, the Science Lab once again provided a diverse and stimulating program. In addition to studies in mammalian biology and individual projects, Sandy Jason's lab made impressive displays on poison ivy and mushrooms found around camp. The camp radio station, under Hal Ewen, had a particularly successful year. There were numerous panel discussions on contemporary issues and a wide variety of musio.

This is, most certainly, an incomplete journal. There will be many other experiences of a personal kind to "vibrate in the memory," but I will leave these to the individual reader... So much has occurred within this little community that it would be futile to attempt to record all.

Enjoy --





Goodbye, the Editors

## Directory

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# Boys

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Richard Zahler	80, Lotus Oval N. Valley Stream NY	PY1 5668	

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# Gírls

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Amy Kahn Barbara Kaiser Riva Kaminsky	20 Vanderbilt Rd. Scarsdale, NY. 118 V. 79th St. MY, NY 1872 Monroe Ave. Bronx, 57, NY.	Sc 5-1141 1/21 Tr 4 7 119 4/7 Tr 2-6151 11/30

Sylvia Kay Starr Kazan Barbara Kempster Cookie Kirk Nana Koch	1 Sycamore La. Roslyn Hts. NY. Vinding Rd. Farm Ardsley, NY. 1148 Fifth Ave. NY 28, NY. 99-52 66th Rd. For. Hills, NY. 102-35 64 Rd. For. Hills, NY.	Ma 1-2868 Ow 3-5717 Sa 2-2129 Tw 6-2732 Tw 7-8253	5/15 2/22 6/22 12/1 5/9
Madiline Landau Hargaret Lazarus Betsy Lenke Wendy Le Shan Judy Lesser Laura Levine Linda Littman Mancy Louis	774 E. 19th St. Bklyn. 30,,NY. 5832 198 St. Flushing,NY. 41 Second Ave. Port Wash.,NY. 5153 Post Rd. Bronx 71,NY. 45 E. 82nd St. MY "',NY. 88 Ridge Pk. Ave. Stamford,Conn. 33-03 Bell Blvd. Bayside 61,NY. 17 Hartcourt Rd. Scarsdale,NY.	Ge 4-0992 Ba 9-5 123 Po 7-8169 Ki 3-9826 Un 1-2111 Da 2-2051 Ba 9-9193 Sc 3-5086	9/4 12/2 12/10 6/7
Llison Hager Laura Hargolin Hilary Michaelson Leslie Morse Jessica Hyers	1013 H. Lawn Dr. Tenneck, NJ. 285 Central Pk. V. NY 24, NY. 100 Ocean Pkwy. Bklyn 18, NY. 17 W. CentrBr. DBriarcliffiman. NY. 10707 Veymouth St. Garrett Ck. Nd.	Te 7-3516 SU 7-5585 Ge 8-3231 Vi 1-7188 Vh 2-5861	5/3 4/15 3/27 4/19
Lori Obler Ellen Ogintz Susan Ogur Claire Oppenheimer	21 Argyle Ra. Scarsdale, NY. 588 Haddon La. E Meadow, NY. 90 Meadow Voods Rd. Gt. Neck, NY. 1926 E. 23rd St. Bklyn 29, NY.	Sc 3-8050 Iv 6-3281 Hu 2-6626 Ni 5-0693	7/12 5/2 11/20
Arlene Palcy Wendy Parmet Abby Peyton	15 Voodland Pl. Gt. Meck, NY. 98 Joseph St. New Hyde Pk. NY. 714 Carroll Pl. Teaneck, NJ	Hu 7-7749 Fl 2-9185 Te 6-2221	1/21 4/29 4/2
Judy Rafel Margie Reasenberg Susan Riedel Elissa Robbins Toby Rosenberg Jane Rosengarten Rena Rosenwasser	273 Merrison St. Teaneck, NJ. 224-12 139th Ave. Laurelton, NY. 22 Shadetree La. Roslyn Hts. NY.	Yo 7-6532 In 9-7839 Te 7-3120 Te 6-4683 La 5-6497 Ma 1-4753 Li 4-6354	3/24 10/20 10/21 1/10 1/19

Sally Ross Kathy Rowen Deborah Ruskay	15 W. 75th St. NY 23 NY 671 Scranton Ave. Lynbrook NY 115 Oak St. Woodmere NY	Su 7- 9280 Ly 9-1352 Ce 9-5628	
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Holly Tannen Jane Tavalin Beryl Title	2545 Hillograss Ave. Berkeley Cal 647 E. 14th St. NY 9 NY 23-45 Bell Blvd. Bayside 60 NY	Ba 4-7899	4/10 7/10
Virginia Vogel Toby Volkman	18 Wynmor Rd. Scarsdale 194 71-35 Juno St. For. Hills 75 NY	Sc 3-8060 Bo 3-4319	9/27 10/10
Emily Warwick Denise Weber Kenda Weisberg Judy Weiss Becky White	817 Pleasint Hill Rd. Chester Pa. 1234 Midland Ave. Bronxville NY 23 Erick Ave. Hewlett NY 34 Aberfoyle Rd. New Rochelle NY 1165 Park Ave. NY 28 NY	Tr 2-5012 Sp 9- 6551 Fr 4-2979 Ne 3-7632 At 9-6976	4/4 3/10 5/15 11/19
Andrea Zakin Devorah Zeiflin Suzanne Zuckerman	300 Central Park W. NY 24 NY 473 E. 18th St. BKLYN 26 NY 39 S. Dr. Gt. Neck NY	Su 7-1888 Bu 4-2783 Hu 7-8129	4/26 4/23

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Martin Alterman Paul Aronow	212-15 34 Ave. Long Is. C. NY 216 Longvue Terr. Ynkrs. NY	As 4-7278 Sp 9-5714
Alan Barysh  Karen Bassuk Abby Blatt Eric Blumenson Peter Bocour Ann Bramson Robert Bressler John Bulova	PFD 3 Chestnutland Rd. New Mil. Buxton School, Williamstown, Mass 1044 E. 28 St. Bklyn. 10 NY 51 W. 86 St. NY 24 NY 350 1st Ave. NY 10 NY 173 Rvrside. Dr. NY 24 NY 87-16 168 Pl. Jamaica 32 NY 200 Parker Rd. Elizabeth, NJ 50 Elm St. Glens Falls, NY	Conn. E1 4-5420  C1 8-6143 8/7  Tr 4-1467  A1 7-6064  Tr 7-7850  Re 9-1005  E1 5-3513  Rx 2-3023
Lydia Churgin Charles Cummings	203 W. 94 St. NY 25 NY 213 Clent Rd. Gt. Neck NY	Ac 2-1545 Hu 7-6095
Paul Drexler	1186 E. 10 St. Bklyn. 30 NY	C1 3 <b>-</b> 7929
Ellen Eisenstadt	1706 E. 33 St. Bklyn, 34 NY	De 6-4397 11/3
Martin Fortgang Richard Fried Barry Fruchter	41-08 42 St. LIC 4, NY 3972 47 St. LIC 4, NY 2401 Davidson Ave. Bx 68 NY	St 4-6696 St 6-9332 Lu 4-9588
Julie Geiger James Gerstenzang Alfred Gingold Penny Gold Barbara Gould Jody Greenberg	32 Tamarack Way Plantvile. NY 45 Parker Ave. Maplewood NJ 110 E. End Ave. Ny 28 NY 7 Arthur Cir. Chester, Pa. 21 Marshall Ct, Gt. Neck NY 8216 Marion Rd. Elkins Pk., Pa.	Ro 9-2691 11/26 So 2-4226 Le 5-5148 Tr 2-7278 Hu 7-2857 Me 5-2129
Marc Heller	River Rd. Scarborough NY	Wi 1-5161
Seth Ingram	16 No. Beway. White Plains NY	Wh 9-5742

Kathy Lesser Linda Levy	45 E. 82 St. NY 28 NY 196 Southern Blvd, Danbury, Conn	Un 1-2111 . 748-6897	
Richard Mackler Richard Marshall George Martin Jonathan Metric Selma Meyerowitz Eugene Miller Esther Mitgang Robert Muhlfelder	220-15 77 Ave. Bayside 64 NY 10 Cambridge Rd. Gt. Neck NY 189-54 43 Rd. Flushing 5 NY 17 Falmouth St. Bklyn. 35 NY 129 Coleridge St. Bklyn. 35 NY 3970 Hillman Ave. Bx 63 NY 21 Nirvana Ave. Gt. Neck NY 2922 Parkside La. Harrisburg, Pa.	Ho 4-7154 Hu 7-9242 F1 8-5465 Ni 8-1962 Ni 6-7516 Ki 8-4611 Hn 6-2396 Ce 6-2523	7/
Lloyd Newman	234 Clent Rd. Gt. Neck NY	Hu 2-0790	
Dan Opatoshu Donald Osman	190 Rvrside Dr. NY 24 NY 1730 E. 7 St. Bklyn. 23 NY	Sc 4-2930 De 9-6368	
Liz Pearson Daniel Prince	235 W. 76 St. NY 23 NY 7702 Park Ave. N. Bergen NJ	Tr 3-5755 Un 8-1213	
Margaret Rosenblum Jain Rothchild Paul Rothman	110-35 Jewel Ave. For. Hills NY 2 Patton Blvd. New Hyde Pk. 78-20 221 St. Fayside NY	Bo 1-7134 Ge 7-2365 Ho 8-0615	
Sylvia Schwartz Michael Seidman Michael Seitchik Jules Smith Robert Solomon Joel Striker Richard Sulken	221-10 Manor Rd. Qns. Vill. NY 22 Glenfruin Ave. New Rochelle NY 6609 Lawnton Ave. Phil. 26 Pa. 80-76 Tryon Place Janaica 32 NY 51 Edgemere Dr. Searingtown NY 664 Derby Ave. Woodmere NY 12 Briar Lane Great Neck NY	Ho 5-4658 Ne 3-7072 Wa 4-3692 Ax 7-6823 Ma 1-8509 Fr 1-2275 Hu 2-5695	
Martha Tiger	233 Exeter St. Bklyn. 35 NY	De 2-3276	
Naomi Walfish Jessica Weinstein Leta Weiss Eric Winston Jonathan Winston Fredd Winter Daniel Yavner	157 Beaumont St. Bklyn. NY 15 N. King St. Malverne NY 540 E. 20 St. NY 9 NY 48 Sunlight Hill Ynkrs. NY 48 Sunlight Hill Ynkrs. NY 243 Rugby Rd. Bklyn. 26 NY 1595 Metropolitan Ave. Bx 62 NY	Tw 1-0078 Ly 3-8642 Sp 7-0583 Yo 3-7417 Yo 3-7417 In 2-2863 Ta 8-9162	

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Daniel Allan	130 St.Edwards St. Bklyn 1 NY	UL2-5688	11/3
Todd Capp	3 Peter Cooper Rd. NY 10 NY University of Chicago	SP7-6106	1/9
Carl Ebert	43 5th Avenue New York 3 NY	AL5-0172	
Barnett Friedman	5601 Riverdale Ave. Bronx 71 NY Carnegie Inst. of Tech. Pittsb. Pa	KI9-9021	6/25
Frederic Geldon	33 Perth Ave. New Rochelle NY	NE2-5676	7/18
Robert Gerstein	75-59 182nd St. Flushing 66 NY	GL4-2428	5/3
Sarah Gothelf	495 Rugby Rd. Bklyn 26 NY	BU2-0125	5/16
Harry Greenberger	73-43 185th St. Flushing 66 NY	GL4-0359	11/18
Andrew Herz	325 Weaver St. Larchmont NY	TE4-3792	11/12
Thomas Hurwitz	43 West 93rd St. NY 25 NY		
Marilyn Kaggen	479 Rugby Rd. Bklyn 26 NY	IN2-0587	9/21
Peter Kent	29-19 212th St. Bayside 60 NY	BA9-7158	10/18
Melissa Warein	355 E.Shore Rd. Great Neck NY	ни7-4498	10/11
Lois Morse	17 W.Central Dr. Briarcliff Man.NY	WI1-7188	12/15
Paul Reasenberg	277 Rugby Rd. Bklyn 26 NY	IN9-7839	4/19
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Lisa Serbin	37 Bank Street New York 14 NY	CH2-1832	9/18
Ira Siff	1731 East 26th St. Bklyn 29 NY		2/15
Jerry Sundheimer	67-76 Booth St. Forest Hills 75 NY	TW7-8218	12/12
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Adele Ganis Martin Ganzglass Toni Gerber Alfred Ghene Ruth Glaser Kenneth Golden	1525 E. 26 St. Bklyn. 29 NY 2825 Webb Ave. Bx 68 NY 420 West End Ave. NY 24 NY 18 Bronson Ave. Scarsdale NY 415 Ocean Pkwy. Bklyn. 18 NY 2727 Palisade Ave. Rvrdle. 63 NY 57 Second St. Troy NY	C1 8-3240 12/17 Ki 3-4408 4/1 Su 7-9059 10/4 Sc 3-2552 1/2 Ge 5-1943 1/8 KI 8-3810 AR 3-9848

Susan Guggenheim	671 W. 193 St. NY 40 NY	Lo 9-4146 9/17
Alan Hack Peter Hall Paul Hirsch	85 Strong St. Bx 68 NY 470 W. End Ave. NY 24 NY 173 Rvrside Dr. NY 24 NY Mo2B New Hall Colum. U. NY 27	Ki 6-3058 3/13 Tr 3-1906 11/13 Tr 3-3657 11/15 Mo 6-9000
Sandford & Edith Jason Jo & Carol Jochnowitz	42 Gilbert La. Plnvw. NY 130-57 233 St. Laureltn. NY	We 5-8460 La 8-0498
David & Jeanne Katz Steve Kleid Naomi Klein Bill & Muriel Korff Barry Kornfeld	67-42 Ingram St. For. Hills NY 910 W. Ave. Miami Beach, Fla. 139 Henry St. Bklyn. 1 NY 577 Grand St. NY 2 NY 190 Waverly Pl. NY 14 NY	Bo 8-6346 Je 8-6402 6/14 U1 2-1303 3/1 Or 3-4951 Or 5-3831
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Deborah Mellis Andrew Milman	1505 Ocean Ave. Bklyn. 30 NY 15 Farmers Rd. Gt. Neck NY	C1 2-6878 9/9 Hu 7-1747
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Robert Reasenberg Victor Rosov	277 Rugby Rd. Bklyn. 26 NY 6630 64 St. Bklyn. 27 NY	In 9-7839 4/27 G1 6-6890 5/8
Linda & Robert Sacks  Martin Saltzman  Melvin Samuelowitz  Carl Sandler  Wendy Schoenbach  Carl Sheingold	c/o U.S. Educ. Comm. for France 9 Rue Chardin Paris 16°, France 6764 Austin St. For. Hills NY 497 Milford St. Bklyn. 8 NY 75 Mt. Hope Ave. Providence RI 1807 Ave. K Bklyn. 30 NY 25 Knolls Crescent Bx 63 NY Brandeis U. Waltham 54, Mass.	I1 9-6829 4/29 Ni 9-0547 P1 1-5550 10/18 De 8-1853 7/17 Ki 8-5624 11/19

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#### Errata

Please note the following changes in the DIRECTORY:

Boys David Bearg's telephone number is LE 9-0594

Girls
Maralin Bloom's telephone number is EN 2-0465
Tobie Sperry's address is 5A Governor's Ct., Gt. Neck NY
Sally Stein's telephone number is SC 3-0342

CIT'S
Richard Mackler's telephone number is HO 4-9662
Louis Metzger was omitted:
449 Hoffman Ave., New Milford, New Jersey, 265-0710
Dan Opatoshu's telephone number is TR 2-0065

Thomas Hurwitz's telephone number is RI 9-4335 Ira Siff's telephone number is ES 6-4613

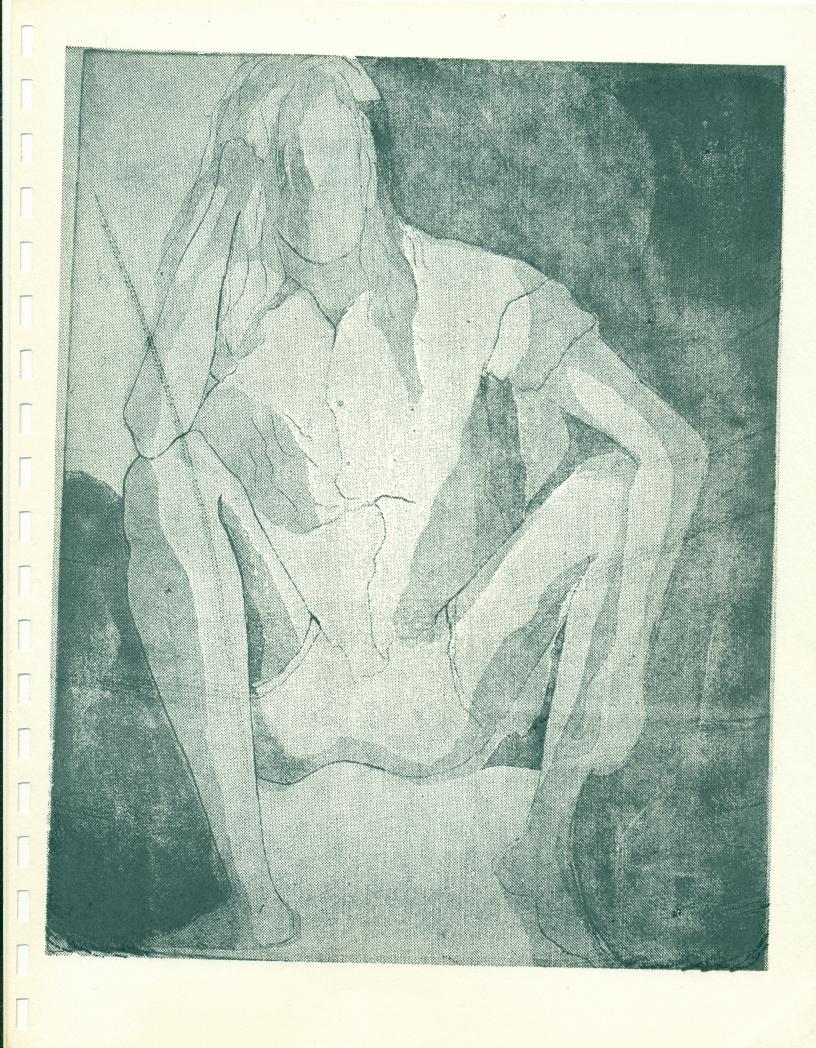
COUNSELORS
Bernard Leif's address is 39 Ocean Avel, Bklyn 30 NY

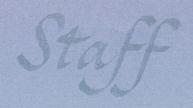
\*\*Edward Menifee's home address is: PO Box 1388, Auburn, Ala.
school address is: 513 Montgomery Road
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Alabama

P.P.S.

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